

ED SHORT KILLED.

The Noted United States Deputy Marshal Slain.

KILLED BY THE DALTON GANG.

Somewhat Conflicting Accounts of the Fair—One of the Desperadoes Killed By Short—The Rest of the Gang Escape.

KANSAS, Aug. 24.—C. E. Short, deputy United States marshal, was shot and killed yesterday, but before he had in turn shot and killed Charles Bryant, one of the notorious Dalton gang.

The double tragedy occurred at Waukomis, a small station on the Rock Island railway between Hennessey and Enid, I. T.

Short was on his way to Wichita with Bryant. Near Waukomis the prisoner secured Short's revolver and shot Short twice.

Short secured his Winchester and in turn shot Bryant.

Both men died inside of two minutes.

Short was a well known character in the southwest, having made a reputation as a brave officer in the Stevens county (Kan.) troubles in 1888. He had the name of being a dead shot and without fear. Bryant was a member of the Dalton gang and was supposed to have assisted in the recent train robbery at Hennessey, Ok. Saturday he went to Waukomis for supplies and was captured.

The Dalton gang was seen yesterday in the vicinity of Hennessey and parties left here in the afternoon on their trail.

The bodies of the dead men are now at Caldwell, Kan.

When Short left on this trip his last words were that he was going after a bad man and would run no risks that were unnecessary. "He will kill rather than be killed, and I know it," he concluded, "but there have been such men taken."

Short's words were spoken earnestly, though little attention was paid to them at the time.

Short was about 32 years old, of medium height and good looking.

Bryant was a tall man, weighing perhaps 180 pounds, with a swarthy complexion, resembling very much a Mexican. Both men were crack shots, widely known and fearless.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Aug. 24.—A sensational and doubly fatal shooting occurred in the Cherokee reservation yesterday. Ever since the robbery of the Santa Fe train at Waukomis, I. T., nearly three months ago, Deputy Marshal Ed Short has been upon the trail of the robbers. They led him a hot chase through Oklahoma and Indian territories. On two or three recent occasions he and two other officers who were with him came very near capturing the desperadoes, four in number.

While Short was in Waukomis, a small town in the Cherokee nation, he saw Charles Bryant, the leader of the band that held up and robbed the train. He pulled two long forty-fives from his hip pockets and throwing them down upon Bryant, said:

"You're my prisoner."

"The hell you say," exclaimed Bryant, reaching for his revolver. Before he could pull the weapon Short fired. The bullet missed Bryant, who then drew his gun. As he was getting it in position to use it Short fired again. The ball entered Bryant's heart, killing him instantly.

Some of the members of Bryant's gang and friends who did not belong to his gang witnessed the shooting. They hastened to Bryant's assistance, but did not get close enough to Short to use their revolvers effectively until after he had dropped Bryant.

Covering Short with their weapons, they opened a fusillade upon him. Short replied, firing three shots. A bullet fired by one of Bryant's pals penetrated his brain and he dropped to the ground a corpse. The gang then rode out of town, leaving the bodies of Bryant and Short lying where they fell.

CALDWELL, Kan., Aug. 25.—Saturday night Deputy United States Marshal Ed Short captured Charles Bryant, one of the famous Dalton gang, at Hennessey, Ok. This gang had been making their headquarters in the Cherokee strip and Short had been hot on their trail. The capture was made under difficulties. Short waited until Bryant had gone to bed, when he rushed into his room and covered him with his revolver. Bryant tried to get his guns but he was overpowered and handcuffed. When the Rock Island train came north through Hennessey Sunday afternoon Short boarded the train and with his prisoner took him to jail at Wichita.

After the train started he asked the conductor if he could take his prisoner into the baggage car, as he thought the balance of the gang would attempt to take him at some of the stations through the strip. The prisoner was taken to the baggage car, but as the baggage-man had no weapons Short returned to the smoker and brought a revolver.

This was given to the baggage-man, whose carelessness is the cause of the being a corpse now. He laid it down on the top of his safe and went to the mail department. The conductor was writing at a desk in the car when he was suddenly ordered to jump. Looking up he saw the prisoner holding a revolver within four feet of his head.

About this time the train was slowing up for Waukomis, a small station on the prairie, with nothing but a depot and a section house. The desperado opened the end door of the car to make his escape, but saw Short standing on the platform of the smoker with a Winchester in hand ready to repulse any attack that might be made to rescue the prisoner. Bryant immediately closed the door, and with his handcuffed hands cocked the revolver, opened the door and fired a bullet through Short's body, it going in at the top of his left shoulder, in front, passing clear through the body and coming out under the right arm.

Short fired at him with his Winchester, the ball striking Bryant square in the breast, passing completely through the body, and struck the partition in the car, carrying flesh and cloth with it. Both men received their death and only wounds in the first two shots, but kept on firing. Bryant emptied the six chambers of his revolver, and Short fired eight shots from his Winchester. The ends of both cars were riddled with bullets. John D. Edwards, a prominent resident of Enid, was a witness to the shooting. When one of the bullets crashed through the window, striking him in the arm, passing completely through it, but luckily just missing the bones and arteries. Conductor Collins was just behind the prisoner and just in range of the bullets on the iron side of the car and swinging out. Bryant was the first man to drop and he fell head foremost down the steps. Short caught him by the leg and held him with head almost touching the ground. He called to the conductor and when he got to him he died.

The prisoner was dead when picked up from the platform and carried into the car. Short was placed on a cot, when he said to the conductor, "Jim, I am dying; I wish I could see mother."

The conductor thought he was not seriously hurt and told him so, but inside of ten minutes he expired.

AWFUL DISASTER.

Boiler Explosion in a Basement at New York.

THE BUILDING FALLS TO THE GROUND.

The Ruins Take Fire and a Heartrending Loss of Life Results—Bodies of the Victims Shockingly Burned—The Dead Thought to Be Fifty.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—A most disastrous and terrible explosion occurred Saturday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock in Park place, between Greenwich street and College place, just at the time when the street was filled with hurrying people and heavily laden wagons and trucks.

Without a moment's warning a whole block of buildings swarmed with busy workmen collapsed as the result of a mysterious explosion, and an appalling loss of life is beyond all doubt.

The number of the dead is variously estimated at from fifteen to fully a hundred and only a thorough search of the ruins will establish the full extent of the calamity.

Fire added to the horror of the situation and some of the bodies of the victims may never be recovered.

In the restaurant on the ground floor of No. 74, which was kept by J. Peterson, there were a crowd of persons at lunch. The number is estimated at the time of the explosion at between twenty-five and thirty-five. Then there were a number of girls in the wash room in the basement.

Tripp & Co., druggists at 70 and 72 Park place, also had a large number of employees.

First a small, white, vaporish cloud burst forth from the ground floor of 70, 72 and 74 Park place; then was heard a dull, deep, sullen roar. This was followed by an eruption and a mass of brick, stone and timber was hurled thirty feet heavenward.

No more than a second could possibly have elapsed before the front walls of 70, 72 and 74 fell crashing into the street. The great walls slowly rolled and swelled out with an undulating motion until they gave way and in a moment there was not a stick or a stone standing above the first floor between the buildings.

The walls of the standing buildings were jagged, as the bricks were torn out in places. They did not retain the slightest semblance of what had been three floors before an apparently strong and well constructed building. The mass of brick, stone and timber fell upon the sidewalk and filled half the width of the street.

Suddenly fire burst out in darkly colored flames from the third, fourth and fifth stories of that part of the building on Park place next to Greenwich street, occupied by Lindsay's type foundry. The floors and the other parts of the place were saturated with oil or other inflammable matter which fed the flames generously. A murmur ran through the throng that the building was lost and the multitude shuddered at thoughts of the fate of the occupants of the ruined and burning part of the building.

As soon as the flames were under control the work of recovering the bodies of the unfortunate persons who were buried beneath the ruins was begun by about forty firemen, who climbed upon the great heap of bricks that filled the street.

After twenty minutes' work the men saw the dead body of a man down in the "cup of brick," and then cleared away of time.

At 2:30 o'clock the body was recovered. It was burned and charred so that the features were unrecognizable.

About fifteen minutes after the first body was taken out the firemen came across another body of a man lying under a piece of the roofing near the side entrance. The man was apparently 30 years old. His legs, hands and face were badly burned.

Other bodies were brought up at various times, the remains being fearfully burned.

Thirteen out of seventeen bodies recovered have been identified.

The opinion prevails that less than half of the bodies have so far been recovered from the wreck, and it is thought that altogether not less than fifty souls were killed in the disaster.

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A Melancholy Search For the Victims—Twenty-five Recovered So Far.

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At the office of boiler inspection, at police headquarters, it was stated that according to the records there the Taylor building had no steam boilers of any kind, nor had there been any there for several years past. The steam power used in it was supplied from outside sources.

The work of searching for the dead began soon after the disaster Saturday afternoon and has continued almost unintermittently since. Saturday night an electric light was hung on a post across the street and torches were placed near the edge of the ruins. Seventy-five Italians assisted the firemen. Two lines of men were formed and the debris was passed out to the street.

It is thought that less than half of the bodies have been removed. About fifty persons are supposed to have lost their lives.

A crowd of people standing on the steps of the building opposite the wreck saw one of the Italians working in the ruins stoop over the body of one of the victims and take something out of the vest pocket. They shouted to the police and a boy ran across the street and told Policeman Sweeney, who arrested the Italian. He was compelled to show what he had in his pocket and the first thing he pulled out was a silver watch which he admitted he had "picked up."

He was taken to a station house followed by a mob, many of whom shouted "lynch him! lynch him!" From the station the Italian was taken to the Tombs police court. There he gave his name as Roso Savane. He said he intended to give the watch to his boss. He was held for trial.

From early morning there was a constant stream of mourning friends and relatives seeking among the dead lying there the body of some loved one whose absence leaves no hope of escape from the wrecked building.

By noon the odor of the burned bodies

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No more than a second could possibly have elapsed before the front walls of 70, 72 and 74 fell crashing into the street. The great walls slowly rolled and swelled out with an undulating motion until they gave way and in a moment there was not a stick or a stone standing above the first floor between the buildings.

The walls of the standing buildings were jagged, as the bricks were torn out in places. They did not retain the slightest semblance of what had been three floors before an apparently strong and well constructed building. The mass of brick, stone and timber fell upon the sidewalk and filled half the width of the street.

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